



HON. JOHN E. OWENS

The people's candidate for judge of the circuit court of Cook county—He loyally supported Hon. Robert M. Sweitzer at the late election for mayor of Chicago, showing that he is true blue and that he is entitled to the friendship and the support of the two hundred and fifty thousand voters who manfully stood by Mr. Sweitzer to the last ditch.

Hon. John Edward Owens ex-judge of the County Court and Democratic candidate for Judge of the Circuit Court, was born in this City on the Northwest side, June 22nd, 1875, where he spent his boyhood days, since merging into manly manhood he has resided on the West Side, in the thirteenth Ward, during all of that time he has lived with his mother, his two sisters and two brothers at 3335 Warren Ave. He received his early education at St. Stephens Parochial School and at St. Patrick's Academy, Christian Brothers. He pursued his law studies at night, graduating from Lake Forest University, and was admitted to the Illinois Bar, May 1, 1896. He was elected City Attorney of Chicago and served from 1901 to 1903. While in this office he destroyed the "ring" which through personal injury damage suits had muled the city of hundreds of thousands of dollars. He was appointed Master in Chancery in the Circuit Court of

Cook County, December 1, 1904. He was elected Judge of the County Court, November, 1910, for a four-year term. He is a member of the following organizations: Chicago Bar Association, Illinois Bar Association, Knights of Columbus, Foresters, Loyal Order of Moose, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Irish Fellowship Club, Iroquois Club, Chicago Yacht Club, Pistakee Yacht Club, Gaelic League, United Irish Societies and for four years he was First Vice-President of the County and Probate Judges Association of the State of Illinois.

For more than fifteen years Judge Owens has been one of our truest and warmest friends and all that time through thick and through thin he has been a steadfast supporter of The Broad Ax, and no one would be more highly delighted than the writer to see him elected Monday June 7, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court of Cook County.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

The Woman's Auxiliary Club of the Louise Training School met Friday, May 21st, at the school. Mrs. Keziah Hanks of 1130 Chase avenue was hostess. A beautiful and dainty luncheon was served, after which business was transacted. The meetings are every first and third Fridays in every month. The first Friday in June is visitors' day. Mrs. Lenora Jones, president; Mrs. Floretta Murphy, secretary.

CHIPS

Mr. Frank Henry has moved from 509 E. 34th place to 561 E. 36th street.

J. Hockley Smiley, managing editor of The Chicago Defender, has been confined to his home at 5423 S. Dearborn street off and on by illness for several weeks past. His host of friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Thomas Howard, of Columbus, Ohio, who assisted Capt. C. L. Hill to lead the grand march at the eighth regiment ball last Monday evening, has for several weeks past been the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Betts.

Grand opening of Woodfolk Brothers at 405 E. 39th St., corner of Grand Blvd., who have opened their second big and elaborate flower market at 3149 South State street.

15,000 carnations free! tonight! Sunday and Monday. Take to the cemetery a big basket of flowers; 40 cents and up; funeral designs \$1.00, see them, both places are opened for your inspection.

We learn from an eye witness, that during the Spanish American war, that Sergeant Berry of the 10th U. S. Cavalry under the command of the Regiment Leint. Col. Theodore A. Baldwin, being 200 yards from the men leading them on to victory with both flags in his hands and standing six feet in his stockings carrying both national and regimental colors; the other Color Sergeant having been shot by his side, said to him, "Sergeant! bring the colors back to the regiment." The Color Sergeant Berry turned and cried out in answer to the command, "Oh no" said he, Col. "Bring the men to the colors." And with the colors they captured the enemy's strong hold.

THE BROAD AX

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Will promulgate and at all times uphold the true principles of Democracy, but Catholics, Protestants, Priests, Infidels, Single Taxers, Republicans, or anyone else can have their say, as long as their language is proper and responsibility is fixed.

The Broad Ax is a newspaper whose platform is broad enough for all, ever claiming the editorial right to speak its own mind.

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JULIUS F. TAYLOR, Editor and Publisher

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REMOVAL NOTICE.

From on and after this date, all letters or other mail matter intended for Julius F. Taylor or Mrs. Annie E. Taylor or The Broad Ax, should be addressed to 6532 St. Lawrence Ave., Jackson Park station. Phone Wentworth 2597.

At Homes in Egypt.

The method of serving light refreshments during an afternoon call among people in Egypt is somewhat peculiar and may not be generally known to the English people at home. A tray is brought in bearing one or more varieties of jam or sweetmeats, a number of glasses containing water and spoons corresponding to the number of guests present. As the tray is carried around each person takes one of the spoons and, after helping himself to a spoonful of jam, places the used spoon in one of the glasses of water. Sometimes biscuits and cakes are also offered. The custom appears to be of ancient origin. It might be thought that one bowl or glass would suffice for the used spoons, but custom dictates that each person must have a separate glass in which to put the used spoon. The glasses contain pure water, which the guests may drink should they so desire. — London Tit-Bits.

Poison of the Centipede.

The centipede is popularly supposed to carry a sting on each foot, but I have several times handled one after its head was removed without the claws producing any result. It is the first pair of claws only that are venomous, being hollow and provided with a poison bag like a snake's fang. The largest I ever saw was eleven inches in length, a greswome creature. A bite from one of this size would most likely have been fatal to a man in weak health. The tarantula, though its powers of offense are nothing like those of the scorpion or centipede, is, however, a more unpopular character than either. The horror of these large spiders entertained by many people is curious and unaccountable. I have seen Australian bushmen, who in everyday life scarcely seemed to understand danger, turn white as a sheet at the sight of a small "tarantula," as they called it. — Chambers' Journal.

Illusions.

An illusion is something we believe in so much that we prefer it to reality. Happiness is the ability to create and maintain one's illusions on a paying basis.

Every illusion should be properly supported. Some people are so mean that when an illusion rings their bell and asks for board and lodging they slam the door in its face.

It is better to maintain one or two illusions in good style, giving them constant care and nourishment, than it is to have so many that you have to flit too often from one to another.

Without illusions we should lay so much stress on reality that life would not be worth living. Reality itself is the biggest illusion of all, but the most unprofitable, because it is the only one that pays no return on the investment. Life without illusions is like a bird without wings. — Life.

Origin of Road Rules.

The origin of the rule for pedestrians to keep to the right dates back to a period when such things as roads were unknown. Before the road as we know it existed progress from place to place was accomplished by means of tracks or paths, used in common by mounted and foot wayfarers. As in early days every traveler carried his life in his hands and saw in every approaching stranger a potential enemy, so the unarmed man either retreated from the path or was beaten from it by an advancing stranger. If the latter were armed. When two armed men met, with shield on left arm and sword in right hand, they of necessity passed each other on the right, so as to bring shield to shield, thus completely sheltered, but with the sword arm ready to strike if needed. — London Globe.

Feats of Archery.

In the days when the buffalo was found in vast herds on the western plains there were Indians who while riding at a gallop could send an arrow through a buffalo's body. Remarkable as this archery was, it did not equal that reached by the archers of ancient times.

It is of record that the MacRaes of Gairloch, Scotland, were such skilled archers that they could hit a man at the distance of 500 yards. In 1794 the Turkish ambassador at London shot an arrow in a field near that capital 415 yards against the wind. The secretary of the ambassador, on hearing the expressions of surprise from the English gentlemen present, said the sultan had shot 500 yards. This was the greatest performance of modern days, but a pillar standing on a plain near Constantinople recorded shots ranging up to 800 yards. Sir Robert Ainslie, British ambassador to the sublime porte, records that in 1798 he was present when the sultan shot an arrow, 972 yards.

Cult of the Cow.

In "Sva," a melody of the east, Sir George Birdwood has a note on the minute ritual, instinctive in the race of Brahmanical Hindus, observed in regard to cattle, especially cows:

"You must not step over a rope to which a calf is tied and must always approach and pass a cow on your right hand, and keep your right arm covered the whole time you are in the cow shippers. You must never ride a cow nor interrupt her while suckling her calf nor in any way annoy her. Shortly after the railway between Poona and Bombay was opened, a cow having to be sent by a Hindu in the former city to another in the latter, its entrainment for the journey was telegraphed by the sender to the receiver in the equivalent of these terms: 'Her holiness just booked by the — a. m. train to Bycula (a suburb of Bombay). Please be at the station at — p. m. to receive her holiness.'"

Anxious to Please.

The colored population in a little Alabama town was having a race meet at the local fair grounds. An aged negro whose shoes were slashed to give his gnarly toe joints air sat in a seat on the grand stand. Immediately in front of him stood a large, excited damsel who had a whole dollar wagered on the favorite in the free for all trot.

As the horses turned into the home stretch the woman jumped up in the air, coming down squarely with all her weight on the infirm extremities of the old man. A groan escaped him, and she turned and begged his pardon.

"Uncle Zach, I's awfully sorry!" she said.

"Dat's all right, honey," answered the old man gallantly. "I only hopes mah feet ain't too corrugated for' yoah pleasure." — Saturday Evening Post.

Regeneration.

Starfish will grow new arms, lobsters new claws and lizards new tails. A new lizard will not indeed spring from a new tail or a new lobster from a discarded claw, but a new starfish will grow from a detached arm. In the vegetable kingdom, as a writer in Knowledge remarks, this phenomenon is still more common and has been put by man to practical use. Although identical in principle, the growing of a plant from a cutting may not seem so astonishing as the growing of a new starfish, but growing not one but many plants from a leaf seems almost as extraordinary. Among the many plants that can thus be propagated is the begonia, and every housewife knows a geranium plant can be grown from a leaf stalk.

Treatment of a Dog.

A dog is a pet, a friend and a helper. The confidence of a dog, once lost, is hard to regain.

In teaching tricks always reward the dog with some tidbit when he manages the trick properly.

A dog can be so trained that he will watch a cat eat without attempting to touch the food himself.

When you go into a yard and a dog growls as he comes to meet you speak kindly, act as though you were not afraid of him and he will regard you rather as a friend than as an enemy. — Detroit Free Press.

Information Sought.

The bookkeeper approached his employer diffidently.

"Seven years ago, sir," he began, "you engaged me on a week's trial."

"Well, what of it?"

"May I presume now that my position is permanent?" — Philadelphia Ledger.

The Resemblance.

"Tippler reminds me of a moving picture."

"How?"

"Coming home from the club in seven reels." — New York Sun.

Fool Question.

Green — So an express train killed your foreman? Did it run over him? Grump — No. It hit him on the elbow, and he died of hydrophobia! — St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Perfection.

"How are the springs on this car?" "Simply wonderful! You don't notice a child, and even when you run over a grown man, it's no discomfort at all!" — Life.

Censors.

Censors were originally Roman magistrates, vested with the power of controlling the manners, morals and duties of the people.



JOHN D. FARRELL

Able lawyer, friend of the laboring people and non-partisan candidate for judge of the circuit court of Cook county.

A demand has been made by the citizens of Cook county for John D. Farrell, of the law firm of Farrell & Thompson, for judge of the circuit court.

No lawyer in Chicago is better or more favorably known among the working people than John D. Farrell.

Before becoming a lawyer he was employed in the machine shop and coming from the working class as he does, his experience gives him an advantage of knowing their joys and sorrows, their likes and dislikes.

Mr. Farrell was one of the original Thompson men and in the mayoralty campaign did much to arouse interest and secure the support of union labor for the new mayor.

Mr. Farrell is well known and will

undoubtedly lead the ticket. He has been endorsed by a large number of organizations for judge who have voluntarily offered to canvass the entire county in his behalf.

Mr. Farrell is one of the people, and coming from the people, he will be a good, honest, fair and upright judge. No better man can be found for judge than John D. Farrell. You won't be afraid to trust your case in his hands. His broad training and great legal ability make him an ideal candidate and should have the honest support of all classes.

He is big in body, big in mind, and big in heart, and by your vote for the "non-partisan" judges you will do your duty as a citizen and a man.

FLUNKED ON EGGS.

A Pretty Good Reason Why the Fowl Wouldn't Lay Any.

Young Adolphus de Millyuns was out driving his own car. He was a scorching and believed in going straight ahead. Suddenly a terrified clucking under the wheels told him some accident had happened. He pulled up and glanced back. Two fowls lay dead in his track, while another two were fleeing, screaming, back to home and safety.

"That'll be 14 shillings, please," remarked a burly man in corduroys, who appeared on the scene promptly.

"That's three and six apiece for the four."

"Four!" gasped Adolphus. "But I only killed two!"

"That's right," agreed the fowls' owner, "but them other two will never lay a blessed egg after this."

"I'm sorry," said the motorist as he handed over the money. "Due to the fright, I suppose."

The countryman shook his head as he slammed the silver into his pocket.

"Partly fright," he agreed slowly, "but mainly I reckon it's because they ain't hens!" — London Answers.

Trotting Versus Walking.

"I loved you once," the maiden said, "But now I love you not. All bets are off—we cannot wed. You've never learned to trot."

Said he, "Tis true, I cannot trot. But bankrolls always talk." He showed her his, and on the spot. He won out in a walk. — St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Same Old Friend.

Some time ago a young woman married the second time, and it chanced that while on the honeymoon she stopped at the same hotel where she was a guest on her first wedding trip.

"Charles," remarked the bride, addressing the waiter as she sat at the table, "please pass me the butter."

"Yes, ma'am," obediently answered the waiter, shoving along the dish.

"But my name is not Charles."

"Excuse me, Charles," smiled the bride. "It is my mistake," and then, tasting her bread, she reflectively added, "You may not be the same old waiter, but this is certainly the same old butter." — Philadelphia Telegraph.

Sometimes a man just pays you a compliment when he owes you real money.

Huerta says this is a great nation. It was a trifle too great for Huerta's own good.

Every young man should understand that his dead ancestors cannot hold his job for him.

Fools not only rush in where angels fear to tread, but they sometimes get away with it.

Possibly a cleanup week in the Balkans would go far toward dispelling the typhus plague.

The most fortunate men in the world are those who can get paid for doing what they like to do.

If the air men destroy Greenwich we shall have to find some new place from which to reckon time.

Peace talk may not settle the war, but it at least shows that there are people in favor of peace.

Perhaps you have noticed that it is mighty hard to make both ends meet when the financial end is short.

A scientist has traced the income tax to ancient Rome. Time to quit thinking, you've struck a new brand of trouble.

It seems probable that if Mexico is ever ruled it will be, as Senor Huerta declares, by a Mexican, as nobody else would want the job.

Pert Personals.

Here's your hat, General Huerta. What's your hurry? — Baltimore Sun.

So it seems that Mr. Jess Willard will spend the next year or two in taking up a collection. — Columbia State.

By this time Judge Ben Lindsey has about the largest souvenir collection of vindications on record. — Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

It is creditable to Laureate Robert Bridges that, unlike William Watson, he isn't producing a poem every little while, to add to the horrors of the war. — Boston Globe.

Short Stories.

Russian officers when addressing soldiers call them "little brother," "friend" or "little pigeon."

It is estimated that 700,000,000,000 cubic feet of illuminating gas are burned in the world annually.

It is the custom in Turkey for a hostess to put her entire wardrobe at the disposal of her feminine guests.

A Japanese porter carries his teapot with him when he goes to his day's work, as an American workman carries a dinner pail.

German Gleanings.

Germany prohibits domestic stock quotations.

Dachshunds are used in Germany for catching badgers.

The German army has at its disposal 200 hospital trains.

Germany's Navy League has a membership of a million.

Punishment of noncommissioned officers for dereliction of duty in the German army never takes the form of reduction to the ranks.

Brevity.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," remarked the old fogey.

"Then there are mighty few witty preachers in the world," said the crouch. — Buffalo News.